Independent Office,
New York, 14 Aug., 1867.

Dear Garrison,

227 Your very interesting letter, this day received, gave me great pleasure, all the more because it was wholly unexpected. I did not mean, in writing to you, to place you under any obligation to reply; for I know how pressed you must be for time, and how irksome to you is the use of the pen under the circumstances in which you find yourself in the Old World. I need not tell you that I have read with eager interest the reports that you have sent of the breakfasts, soirees, and other entertainments by which you have been honored, and especially your own speeches; and it gives me great pleasure to say that you seem to me, ~~to~~ on all occasions, to have said the right word, at the right time, and in the right way. Indeed I think I am warranted in say-

My love to Fannie and Frank, some of whose letters it has been my privilege to read. How pleasant it must have been to have had them with you in your travels. God bless you all!
T.T.

ing that the friends of freedom generally in your native land have regarded themselves and their country as honored in all that you have said and done. It must indeed have been a great trial to you to have been ~~be~~ drawn into such conspicuity when you were needing rest and quiet, and to be compelled to face such a battery of praise, however sincerely offered; but you may be sure that the ~~f~~ impression made by all these demonstrations upon the people of this country is most happy. The tone of the press in regard to you has been very friendly for the most part. Even the Copperhead papers have been sparing of their abuse. To be sure, the *Herald* has had its sneer; but the only papers, so far as I have observed, that have taken occasion to abuse you, are the Rochester *Democrat* (Republican), edited by Robert Carter, formerly of Massachusetts, and the *Examiner and Chronicle*, the leading Baptist paper in this city. I will try to find and enclose in this the *Exam-*

ine's attack, which you will see is but an echo of that of the Rochester *Democrat*. It is guilty of an atrocious fraud in putting into your mouth the language of resolutions written probably by Parker Pillsbury, and passed at a meeting at which I am sure you were not present.

Phillips, as you will see, is out in great wrath upon the matter of Francis Jackson's will. I dare say that some of your family will send you the article; nevertheless, to make sure of your seeing it, I shall enclose it in this letter. How studiously, not to say fraudulently, he keeps out of sight the reason – of course well known to him – which led you to withdraw your proposition for a division of the funds, and seeks to make the impression upon those who do not know the facts that you have been guilty of a breach of faith. His abuse of the Court and of Gov. Andrew is shameful, and the whole spirit of his letter is very bitter. Mr. Sewall has obtained your letter from the files of the Court, and a copy of it is in Wendell G.'s hands, to be sent to the next Standard. To all candid persons it

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will be your sufficient vindication, though if you were here I fancy you might say something more. How bitter also is Purvis! It will all recoil with great effect upon Phillips and his party.

In company with Mrs. Savin and another friend, I am going to Lake Memphremagog the last of this month, and shall visit Peacham once more. How I wish I could have your company. Mary Anne, though much better, and slowly improving, is hardly able to travel, and ~~i~~ would not leave Helen if she were. You will be pained to learn that our friend Frances D. Gage has been prostrated by a paralytic stroke. It is doubtful if she is ever able to write or speak in public any more. It is very sad.

The Independent will not falter, nor do I think the malignity of its enemies can do it much harm. Of course it will lose some subscribers, but it will also gain some. On which side the balance will be struck time will tell. Theodore is well and sends you love. I am in better health than usual. Mrs. Savin also sends you her cordial remembrances.

Yours, faithfully, Oliver Johnson.

My love to Fannie